

The Bee's Home Magazine Page.



The Man from Montclair

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Drawn for The Bee by Winsor Mcay









GENTLEMEN BE GEATED TWAS A CALM STILL NIGHT.

INTERLOCUTOR - BONES, I HEAR LIGHTS IN THE VILLAGE





Learning from a Puppy

By WINIFRED BLACK.

where it is he takes to wandering of | "Woof! woof!" said Raffles, the puppy Last night, when the moon was a sil-

ver half up there in the turquoise and tilver skies, he ran flown the little path to the gate. trifle, as if he were conscienceemitten, flung up his grizzled old head and was gone -out into the shadows of the broad road that leads his soggiah feet to what gay halls of

ran guess? Is there a particular but he wants to catch down there in the broad road? Can it be that he hears the coyoter up on the brown hills barking, barking, like fretful popples, every night just

about moonrise? I knew a good dog once, a staid, respectable faimly dog, who went west with the family and ran away and joined his wild brothren in the hills.

At first he played with them just at flusk, and ran out of the house at early iawn to follow them. And then he spent the whole night, then the day, and finally te went away with them altogether.

Only once in a while did he appearitting on a distant hill-to watch the thildren playing around the bonfire at eight, but when they called him by his ald name he threw up his head, sniffed the air an instant, turned tail and ran to the wilds again.

Can it be that our old dog is going to go back to the caves? At any rate, he left the puppy alone in the house with one who sleeps early in the evening and rises, it seems to me, with the dawn. Later in the evening I heard something

in the garden-a cat most like. "Come boy." said I to the puppy, "come, go out and see what's coming so close to your house."

I opened the door, but the puppy looked wistfully up into my face. "Oh." he seemed to try to say, "Oh, I am so young, and what if it should be a lien or

But I was inexorable, and all at once the puppy's good blood spoke; he raised his feelish head and plunged noiselessly toward the soft footsteps in the garden "Good boy." I said. "Good old Raffles," for his name is Raffles since the very day he came, when he tried to steal every knife and fork from the first table

he had ever seen set. "Good boy, Raffles," and Raffles heard, and he lifted up his puppy voice m a real bark, "Woof! woof!" dear me.

met his call of responsibility as a dog should, and he held his ragged head high and grinned, and showed every white tooth in his faithful, affectionate head. 'Wasn't I all right?" he said, with every muscle of his wriggling body, and

home, he ran to him and pulled his ears and grabbed him by the legs and threw him down and mauled him to and fro

and barked and acted so strangely that the old dog watched him with suspicion in his eye. Since then Raffies has taken charge of things in the house. Not a cricket chirps

but his wary ear rises to heed, and not a shrub stirs in the fall wind but the hair on the pup's back ruffles; no one shall molest his household, not if that pup knows it.

yesterday is past; it is today now. And it's his day at that, and bravely he's going to live it in his doggish way.

Good old pup, good old Raffles. wonder if he who sleeps so early at night in the little bed yonder, and who rises at the first peep of dawn, will rise as gallantly to his first trial of courage?

and straight, and he has his trials, too man or woman

And when his little friend of the summer went away and took his marbles with him, did he not rush eagerly to the defense of the absent one's reputation when some one mentioned the missing marbles? "He forgot them. I know he did," said little four-year-old.

That was gallant of you, four-year-old; naybe some day you'll be as true to the call of duty as the pup was to his last night. I wonder if you will?

been sent out in payment for them.

goats at home and keep this money in this country. The Denver Chamber of Commerce says that Colorado is the best place on earth to raise goats. It proposes to use the thusder of the government to bring about the raising of goats in this state and has referred the matter to its agri-

goats are grown in large numbers on lands which are not suitable for agriculture. "That will give us an opportunity to make some of our flat mesas and mountainsides very valuable," says the Chamber of Commerce

The report also calls attention to the increasing use of goat meat in this country and says that the raising of goats will increase the available meat supply of the nountry and at the same time keep this. 600,600 a year at home which now goes to foreign countries in payment for goat hides. India, China and Mexico at present furnish the principal source of supply for the country.-Denver Times.

Counsel—You remember that you are under oath?
Witness—Yes, sir.
Counsel—Then, if you have never met Julius Caesar, how can you say on your oath that you do not know him?
Austice—I think we have had enough of this style of examination.
Counsel—Your honor will picase note my exception to your coming to the assistance of the witness.
Justice—If you say that again I shall have you expelled from the court room.—Town Topics.

The old dog had gone out. I wonder what a fierce voice; it quite terrifies me.

sibilities, now that the old dog has taken to wandering in his old age. Foolish dog; he makes me think of ome old men I know, old enough for a chimney corner and out following the footsteps of every beckoning hand. I do hope he won't teach the pup such bad

"Good boy, Raffles," said I again when the pup came in the house and oh, the pride, the joy of that pup! He knew what he had done; he knew that he had

no more-a real dog, with a dog's respon-

I told him "Yes, he was quite all right," and he knew what I said and gioried

And afterward, when the old dog came

Afraid? Not he. He was yesterday, but

I hope so; oh, how deeply I do hope so! Dear little brown thing that he is, tanned to the color of old mahogany with the long, long summer days in the sweet sunshine; brown and red is he, and sturdy already. Didn't he stub his toe the other day and never let a tear fall? They gathered; oh, yes, they gathered, but they did not fall-not in the sight of mortal

PLACE TO RAISE GOATS

The ancient and honorable-though much maligned-animal, the goat, is about to come into his own and Colorado may be the state where his redemption will be brought about. The bureau of commerce and labor at Washington has issued a bulletin which says that 500,000,000 gatskins have been imported into the United States in the last decade and that \$25,000,000 has

The government says we can raise these cultural and industrial committees.

The government report says that the

Typical Cross-Examination. Counsel-Do you know Julius Caesar? Witness-No, sir. Counsel-Have you ever met him? Witness-No. sir. Counsel-You remember that you are



WHILE DELIVERING THE CLASS DAY ADDRESS PROF. GROOCH CAUGHT SIGHT OF A STUDENT CRAWLING ON HIS KNEES . PETER MUSH " HE SHOUTED, YOU ARE EXPELLED. PETER GRABBED HIS GREEK READER, FLUNG IT AT GROOCH AND WITH HIS EYES GLUED

ALOUD, "IF MISTER D COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM COULD MYSTERY?"

ON THE BLACK BOARD READ

WATSON! THE TOOLS

ACH! NOW VILL F ENCHOY A GOOT SHMOKE.



UND A GOOT STEIN

HOW DE TEAMS GTAND VOT ARE YOU POINK HERE UFF BEER GOMES IN HANDY, I BETCHA. DU SHMALZ-

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA BING! ZAM!

YOU'RE GETTING TO BE QUITE

BONES - YEG SUH. AH READS

FROM DE LIBRARY YESTIDDY

CALLED, "TWENTY THOUSAND

INTERLOCUTOR-AND WHY

20,000 LEAGUES UNDAH DE

DID YOU GET THAT BOOK?

ALL AH CAN FIND ABOUT

BASEBALL. I GOT A BOOK

LEAGUES UNDAH DE SEA.

BONES WELL IF DERES

BEA AH WANTS TO SEE

A BAGEBALL FAN.



PFEFFERS DUTCH.

ACQUAINTED ARE YOU,

ITS A POOR ARTIST WHO CANTERAW

NOT A LEAF STIRRED. THE

BANK BURNT DIMLY, THE

SAFE WAS PRIMED FOR AN

EXPLOSION WHEN A VOICE

TEA GIRL WOULDN'T WEAR

WOULD THE SHOE MAKER?

THE RIGHT SIZE OF SHOE

EASY WITH THE

WHIP PHIL! IT'S

A HIRED HORSE

YOU AIN'T NEIN VOT I'M THE BOOB

THAT PUT

UIN

FROM AN UPPER STORY

PIPED OUT,

What is the Ideal Wife?

Stenographers Have the Best Training for Matrimony, Says Mrs. E. G. Ryser.

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE.

Cupid tapped three times with his bow on the hollow trunk of a tree. It was a signst for the next division of working girls to show proof why their calling developed the best wives, and before the sound had died away thousands upon thousands of stenographers were marching in line.

They had chosen for their spokesman Mrs. E. G. Peyser, assistant principal in one of New York's best known schools for teaching shorthand, and their choice did them great credit. With the click, click of thousands

of typewriters furnishing a harmonious accompaniment, Mrs. Peyser set forth the claims for matrimony of the girls she represented. "Business." she said. "develops a gir. along practical lines. And no calling is

better qualified to bring out the qualities that make a good wife than that of the stenographer. The work of a stenographer teacher her the value of accuracy, efficiency and attention to details, which will all be of

the greatest assistance to her in the economic side of home life. "She has daily opportunity to study human nature. She learns what man is in his own element-business; and shes begins to understand life from a man's

viewpoint, which will enable her to sym

pathize more intelligently with her husband in all his problems. "She must learn also, if she would be successful, to be patient, self-controlled and self-reliant; tolerant of others who have not acquired these things, and diplomatic and tactful with all. The advantage of such a training is obvious. A woman is not only a better equipped wife, but a more agreeable social com-

punion by reason of it. The stenographer learns the value of personal neatness and of making herself at all times as attractive as possible. Husbands, as well as employers, are pleased by reasonable attention to such matters.

"Stenographers, as a class, are sometimes criticised, but always unjustly. Statistics prove that the good and bad are divided in that profession as they are in any walk of life; in business or in the home. I have known many giris when they entered the A, B, C's of sherthand, and have followed them till they had reached positions of promine a w In business life, or were happily married, and I can say that stenographers may lay claim to a larger percentage of personal morality than women in many other lines of business.



MRS. E. G. PEYSER

Mrs. Peyser, who is assistant principal in a shorthand school says that business develops a girl glong practical lines and trains her for wifehood

"The special attainments every woman what time and dollars mean, come to any | make the stenographer rank high among must have who makes good as a stenog- woman as a result of business experience. The women littled to become helpful, comrapher, together with the appreciation of "And it seems to me these attainments panionable and admirable wives"

Maids-Wise and Foolish

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This is the season of the year when calculate to an inch just how much she only a few weeks till Christmas.

few days that intervene. "I must begin at once. I will start right in tomorrow.' an idle butterfly, she will tell you at night that she has been whirling all day just like a mad Dervish. And sometimes, in a spirit of frankness, she will add that the who is hopelessly bedfast.

She had a chance to be Little Miss her whirling has been to as little pur-

her foolish.

in the greatest and most unnecessary selfishness the shopping world knows. She has the opportunity to go into a department store today or tomorrow and receive the undivided attention of a dozen

twenty irritated, irritating, inconsiderate, burried and harassed women, all trying to get the attention of one tired, overworked, bothered, distressed and almost and make our your Christmas list right

twist and inspect her purchase, she can now!

every glance Little Miss Maid gets of the wants, and knows to a fraction of a calendar causes her to scream. She looks cent just how much she can afford. to see if this is the 12th or the 20th of

she says, startled into a panic by the worth the receiving. Little Miss Maid's days are full of activities. Perhaps none of weight or importance, but, be she a working bee or

Another day alips by, and her resolution to begin on her Christmas list slips she catches a glimpse of the calendar; she thinks of the long list of friends and

With every intention to be thoughtful

If she buys now she can turn and And will you not begin your buying

She can remember, when buying for a November, and is reminded that it is friend, what are that friend's tastes and desires. Her gift shows personal thought, "And I haven't prepared a single gift," and no gift without personal thought is

In six weeks from now, wild'eyed, a nervous wreck, and with her brain going around like that of the Mad Dervish, she buys a safety rasor for a two-year old and a music roll for a friend who doesn't play, and a travelling case for a

Maid Wise, and refused it to Little Miss Maid Foolish. She wrongs three persons:

with it. She screams a little louder when behind the counter, herself and the recipient of her Christmas gift.

It is for the sake of the girl relatives with greater consternation. And the counter that this is written. She is she continues to put off her buying till a being of flees, and blood. She has the physical strength to endure just so much. Little Miss Maid has a chance to be and her patience has its limits. Christwise, and she lets procrastination make mas, which should be a season of rejoicing for every one in this big world, is a nightmare to her. She is made to and considerate, she is preparing to assist feel every night for three weeks before it comes as if a lot of women had been stamping high heels on her nerves at

> When the great day comes it finds has a complete physical and nervous wreck. And all because Little Miss Maid and her worthy mother, Big Mrs. Lady, are

Will you not, for the sake of the girl

behind the counter get pencil and paper now?

Little Bobbie's Pa

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

Ma & me found out yesterday that Pa; ain't I can tell at a glanst. dident know anything about cows & I shall be very glad to have yurs opin-Pa oud talk a lot about them jon, sed Mister Hardle. We folks up here when he was all the time in New York, always like to lern things from city peabut wen he brought Ma & me up in the put. You see, we donnt git the same country were there is regular cows & chanst to git around that they do. We calfs it was different.

farm at Roscoe. Talk about cows, Pa drinks, etc. Here are my cattel. sed, you will see sum cows. Me & Marshall Dean is going caver to the farm & two grate dairy men will be there besides, Mister Lindsay & Meter Billy Dick. What me & them doant know about milk & other things to drink isent of Holstines. worth any notis. Pa sed.

Ma dident say very much then, beecause she is so used to heering Pa tall Hardle. about all the things he knows & all the things that other peepul doesent know that it is a joak to Ma every time Pa eays a word.

Wen we got up to Mister Hardle's farm Ma met Missus Hardle. She was just as Shorthorns, sed Pa. I looked at Pa & I started visiting, so us men went to look tied. big barn ware Mister Hardle had all of did you evver see a regular, reel, honest his cows. Pa was telling how he had rode to goodness cow? ferent kinds of cattle. Sum of the steers ridden the range out in Arizony. & cows that I beat into abject submishun.

Mister Hardie. They are all blooded Guernseys. Maybe you only think thay are thorobreds, sed Pa, but if they are or if thay woods,

He tould Ma & me last nite that he grate men like you have a chanst to minwas going to talk us up to Bob Hardie's gel with other grate minds & mixed Ah, I see, sed Pa. There was about

fifty cows, all in a butiful grate big barn. Thay was all brown cows, & thare was sum littel brown calfs, too.

Ah, I see, sed Pa. A fine looking lot A fine looking lot of what? said Mister

I sed that it was a fine looking lot of Jersoys, sed Pa. I am sure that I dident quite catch what you sed. Mister Hardle sed to Pa. I sed that I have nevver saw such fine

sweet as Ma & rite away the two of them thought that he was gitting kind of ratat the farm. All the way oaver to the My dear sir, sed Mister Hardle to Pa.

the range out in Arizony & herded dif- Thousands of them, sed Pa. I have Well, sed Mister Hardle, you must have sed Pa, had horns four feet from tip to ridden so fast that you cuddent see the cows. These cows isent Holstines or These cows of mine is different, sed Jerseys or Shorthorns at all. They are

Oh, so thay are, sed Pa. Pa was as red in the face as the red leeves in the

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comfort, while the rubbing

and scratching made it worse